Mr. HAYNES
His Recantation-Prologue

Upon his first Appearance on the

STAGE

AFTER HIS

RETURN from ROME.

23. April. 1689.

AS you dislikt the *Converts* of the Nation,
That went to *Rome*, and left your Congregation;
By the same Rule, prav. kindly entertain
Your *Penitent lost Sheep* return'd again:
For *Reconverted Haynes* (taught by the Age)
Is now come back to's *Primitive Church*——the *Stage*,
And owns his Crimes; that's leaving in the Lurch
His Mother Play-House, She's my Mother Church.
As Penitents some go from you to *Rome*,
A Penitent from *Rome* to you I come;
Tho' I, from you to *Rome*, did never go
As *Renegate* to Her, but *Spy* for you:
For seeing the *Beau's* and *Banterer's* every Day,
Tyr'd, even with themselves, in every Play,
I went to *Rome*, to seek out Fops more new,
And more *Ridiculous* than *any of you*,
A *Miracle* from *Rome* I thought might do.
Besides, when I left you, ye all design'd for *Rome*,
But seeing you *came not over*——*I came home*,

Like

Like *most of you*, finding my self mistaken,
I *early tackt about to save my Bacon.*
Pox on't,
At *Rome*, a *Godly Part* they made me Play,
A damn'd unnatural one for me you'l say,
They wou'd not let me Drink, nor Roar, nor Swear,
But fob'd me off with *Penance* and with Prayer;
Guess how that *Penance* went down with a *Player.*
That ever any *Player* shou'd ha'the *Face*
Ere to pretend to such a thing as *Grace*!
Never in all that time to break a *Jest*!
Nor ever drink one *Bumper* to the *Best*!
'Twas very hard. Indeed th' *Italian Nation*
Did put this *Phiz* a little out of Fashion:
But *yielding Nature*, and this *Tempting Place*
Confirms me *Flesh and Blood* now, 'spite of *Grace*;
Therefore Dear Loving *Sisters* of the *Pit*,
Again, your *Brother Renegade* admit;
And don't esteem me less, 'cause I did live
Where *Samey Boys* claim your Prerogative.
No Sisters, no,
I ne'r turn'd *Heretick*——in Love at least
To *Decent Whoring* kept my Thoughts still *Chast.*
For you, *Pert* Gallants, who are daily known
To love all *Whores*——*But her of Babylon.*
You'le ne'r damn *Haynes* for his *Religion*;
For to make us of any, *Me* or *You*,
Were such a *Miracle Rome* ne'r could do.
Well Sirs,
Being thus *confess'd*, and freed from *Rome's Pollution*,
I beg from your *kind Hands*, my *Absolution.* *(Kneeling)*

L O N D O N,
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